

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

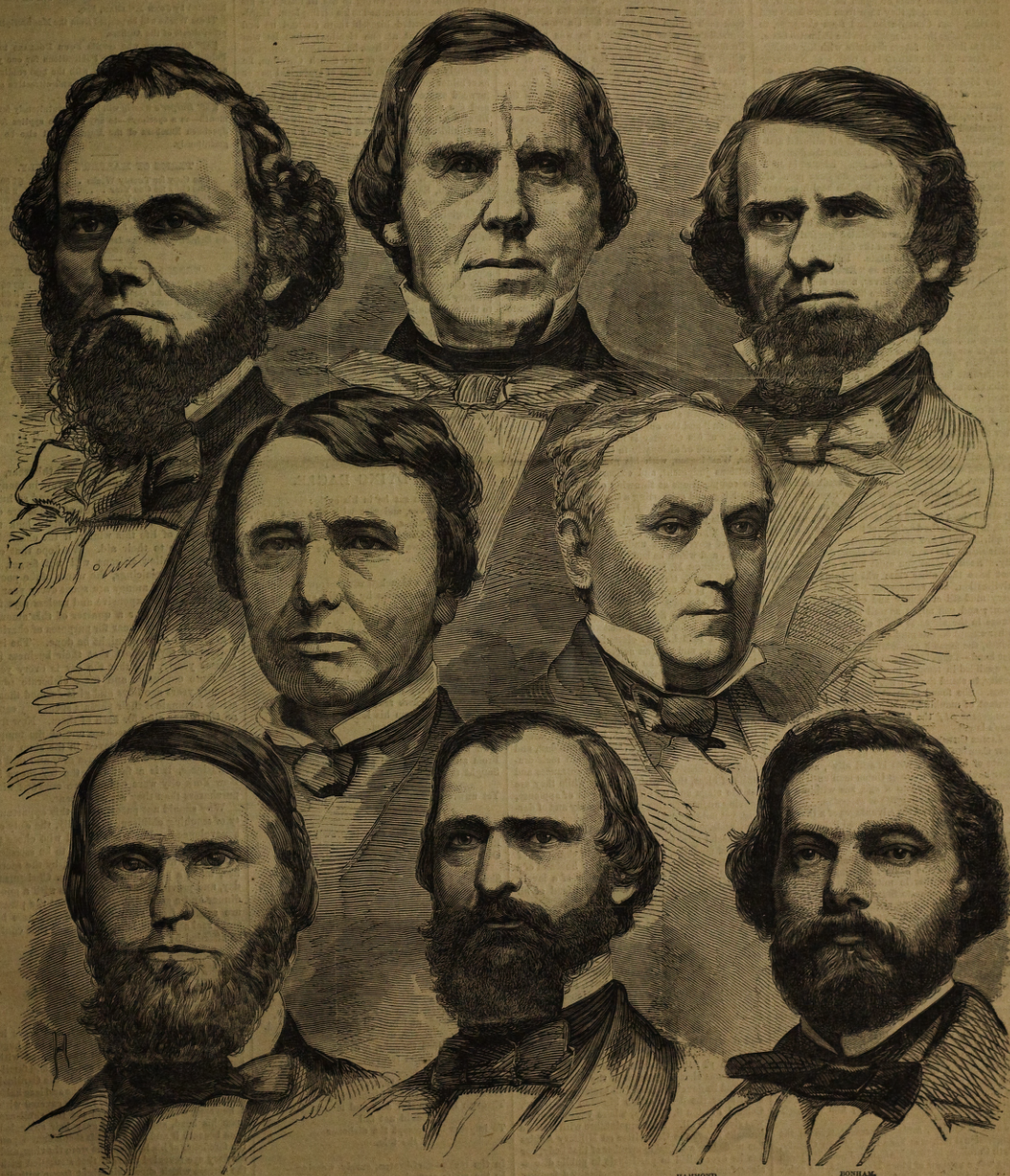
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



KITT.
BOYCE

CHESNUT

M'QUEEN.
ARMOUR.

HAYWOOD.

JOHN.
MILES.

THE SECEDING SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



WON.

A STARE—a pause—a flutter and a sigh,
A voice that trembles in the common greeting;
The hurried clasp of an unsteady hand,
That once was frankly offered at your meeting.

I saw you, little Annie—yes, I know,
He's Charlie's friend, just landed from Bengal,
He's very fond of Charlie, ah! and so
He staid till last at Charlie's sister's ball.

You danced eight times together—am I right
"You met a queer perfect waltzer"—nothing more?
You met a week ago this very night,
And I have—known you all your lifetime o'er!

Forgive me that I played the list'ner, dear,
And heard him win your love, among your flowers;
You had forgotten I was prisoned here,
A poor lone cripple all these festive hours.

He's very winsome, honest-eyed, and tall,
The cross for valor's lot contains his story.
On my pain-stricken brow no wreath will fall,
I reap in Life's grim battle all but glory.

Dearie, don't kneel, and hide those kind gray eyes,
Alone with what must be a happy past.
A brother's kiss I claim upon your brow,
God bless his, Annie! 'tis my first—and last.

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trict Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLennan.

Printed from the Manuscript and
early Proof-sheets purchased from the
Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's
Weekly."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. PUMBLECHOOK'S premises in the High Street of the market town were of a peppercorn and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn-chandler and seedsmen should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and herbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom.

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook were corduroys, and so did the shopman; and somehow there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared

to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coachmaker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watchmaker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group in smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High Street whose trade engaged his attention.

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop, while the shopman took his mug of tea and lunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peace in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet, besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether, his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good-morning, he said, pompously, "Seven times nine, boy!" And how should I be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing and eating bacon and hot roll in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandizing manner.

For such reasons I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at ease regarding the manner in which I should acquaint myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained all the lower were rustily barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery; no brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long time.

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied "Pumblechook." The voice returned "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard with keys in her hand.

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip." "This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "Come in, Pip."

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with the gate.

"Oh!" she said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

"If Miss Havisham wishes to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, "I am glad to see her." "Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't." She said it so finally, and in such an undiscussible way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest.

But he eyed me severely—as if I had done anything to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

My young conductor locked the gate, and we went across the courtyard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond stood open, away to the high inclining wall, and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there than outside the gate, and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out as the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that anybody means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already to drown the Manor House."

"Is that the name of the house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

"It has more than one, then, miss?"

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or at one to me—for enough."

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than that. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness which was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age—or very little older. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a stair case, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy! I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of fustian and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

Whether I should have made out this object so soon if there had been no fine lady sitting at it I can not say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials—satin, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-worn trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchiefs, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

It was not in the first minute that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first minute than might be supposed. But I saw that every thing within my view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the dead figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it hung loose had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly wax-work at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage living in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, wax-work and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out if I could.

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie comprehended in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am. (It made me think of the young man in the last.)"

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterward, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Fly!"

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do any thing in the



"WHO IS IT?" SAID THE LADY AT THE TABLE. "PIP, MA'AM."



WHAT SANTA CLAU BROUGHT US.

CHRISTMAS-DAY THEN AND NOW.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.





OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE, CALIF OF CAIRO, THE PROPERTY OF JUDGE JONES.—DRAWN BY T. C. CAFFENDALE.—[SEE PAGE 814.]

A COURSE OF NATURAL HISTORY.



1. THE PARROT.—The Parrot is frequently seen domesticated in this country, where its pleasing manners and gentle disposition render it a great favorite, etc., etc.



2. THE HORSE.—Of all quadrupeds the horse is the most beautiful; his noble size, the glossy smoothness of his skin, the graceful ease of his motion as he carries his master bounding over hill and dale, etc., etc.



3. THE BEE.—This interesting little insect deserves the greatest gratitude of all men and little children; for not only does it supply us with the sweet honey which gives such a relish to the evening meal, but also sets a beautiful example of industry and peacefulness, etc., etc.



4. THE DOG.—The Dog is the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of man. Faithful and courageous, he will die in the defense of his master, or tear limb from limb the presumptuous aggressor, etc., etc.



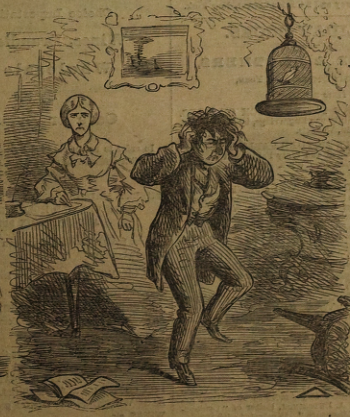
5. THE HOG.—This valuable domestic animal is one of the greatest blessings to man, etc., etc.



6. THE CAT.—Of all animals, there is none which imparts to the domestic fireside such an air of peaceful contentment and tranquillity as the cat; gentle and graceful, it is at once the companion of youth and the admiration of old age, etc., etc.



7. THE COW.—This is the most gentle and forbearing of all animals, and at the same time one of the most valuable friends to man, etc., etc.



8. THE CANARY.—This pretty little songster is a universal favorite in parlor or cottage; its sweet warblings are always welcome and admired, etc., etc.



9. THE LION.—Numberless accounts prove that the lion is noble in his revenge, magnanimous in his courage, and grateful for benefits received. Bold and daring to a fault, he, etc., etc.

THE BATTLE OF THE STORE.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
And counting up my profits
In a calculating way.
How I strove, and worried, and dreamed,
And dreamed, and talked, and swore,
As I fought the fight through many a year—
The battle of the store.

I was thinking it over and over—
The per cent. I should lose on Brown,
And whether I'd sell to Smith again
Whenever he came to town;
And whether my draught on Jones
Would trouble me any more.
And so I went fighting, fighting on,
The battle of the store.

I was poring over my ledger
On a cold November day,
When I heard a voice at my elbow,
In a supplicating way:
"Will you let me entreat your notice
Toward this little book?
The price is only a shilling;
I think you will buy if you look."

I turned my head to my shoulder,
To a figure grout and gray,
Whose coat was shabby, and very thin
For this cold November day.
He had every look about him
Of a room in a dirty street,
With a smoky fire in it,
And never enough to eat.

He stood at my elbow humbly,
And stared a vacant stare,
While I took his book with a business smile,
And motioned him to a chair.
For somehow the ledger man
I had entered that old man gray,
And I knew I should find the entry
At no far distant day.

I would give him a touch of nature,
Forgetting the God I obeyed;
So I gave the fire a goodly stir,
And I asked him, "How is trade?"
"Ah! trade is very, very low,
And bread and meat are high;
And the weather is very, very cold—
And do you not wish you could die?"

I said that I thought I was willing to live
And struggle on for a while;
So the old man said it was very well,
And smiled a ghostly smile.
"But when you have lived as I have lived,
And lost as I have lost,
You will wish for death as the only rest
That is left for the tempest-tossed."

"It was many and many a year ago,
I could look on my ledger and see
The names of my debtors in every land,
And my ships on every sea.
I sat and counted the loss and gain
As 'tis counted to-day by you,
And I looked on my God and my love of truth
In a business point of view."

"I have seen my dream of gold dispelled,
My friends among the dead,
And the name that stood for a million once
Not good for a loaf of bread.
I have lived to see far more than this—
My wife and my children fair
Go one by one to the silent land—
'They tarry for me there.'"

He ceased, and wiped the dropping tears
From off his withered face,
Then slowly from his pocket took
A strip of ragged red.

He kissed and pressed it to his lips,
And speaking thick and fast—
"This is the only relic left
That binds me with the past."
Oh! sad and desolate old man—
Thou type of all thy race—
Like these, they cling upon the past
By bits of ragged lace.

Like these, they pace the dreary round
Of pleasure or of pain;
Like these, they dwell upon a life
They would not live again.
Good-night, thou man of many woes!
Come not again to me,
For I have debts in every land,
And ships on every sea.
And I have wife and children fair;
My friends are not yet dead;
But still I'll close my ledger up,
And think on what you've said.

OUR HORSE-SHOW.—THE ARAB HORSE.

We continue our series of pictures of American horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals with the Arab horse "Calif" of Cairo, whose portrait will be found on page 812. The Arabian's superior qualifications of beauty and temper place him at the head of our horses, and to him originally, with very few exceptions, we trace almost every breed of horses in the United States.

We have now an innumerable list of horses of assumed variety of breed, comprising Black Hawks, Messengers, Abdallahs, Membrinos, Almans, Zepheirs, Houndfingers, Morgans, and Andrew Jacksons, all of whom are claimed to be the patriarch breeds of American horses; but by careful investigation of their pedigrees we shall invariably find the name of "Dasher," distinguishing at once the Arab blood to which they are indebted for their surpassing speed and beauty.

The subject of our present illustration, the beautiful "Calif" of Cairo, was presented, when a foal, to the United States Consul for Egypt by Abbas Pasha, as the best specimen of the Arabian horse to be found in that country. He is a beautiful silvery-gray, with silky mane and tail, legs and feet of remarkable delicacy of outline, and a head and eyes that stamp the Arabian blood. He is about fifteen hands high, kind as a dove, and immensely fast; but, as is usual with Arabs, has never evinced much speed as a trotter. Upon this ground alone do some of our horsemen object to the breed; and in some districts the Arabian is decidedly unpopular. A slight investigation of the pedigrees of all our best horses will show how unfounded is this prejudice.

Calif is at present in Philadelphia, at the stable of his owner, the Hon. Judge Jones, of that city. Our drawing is from a life, representing him as he appeared at the Eclipse Fair, Centreville Course, Long Island.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Teeth.

How few people consider the importance of preserving their teeth and how many would give thousands of dollars could they regain them after the loss has become irreparable.

The month should always be thoroughly cleaned before going to bed, and after each meal, especially after eating or drinking what is sweet or sour, as the action of either, in connection with the secretions of the mouth, act upon, and in time destroy the enamel of the teeth.

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STAR OF THE PRESS.

1861.

"GREAT IN MOUTH OF 'HARPER'S WEEKLY'."

New York Mercury For the New Year.

In accordance with a time-honored custom, the publishers of the NEW YORK MERCURY, the largest two-dollar literary weekly in the world, make the opening of a New Year the occasion for issuing a comprehensive prospective prospectus bulletin.

Although the paritish of the weekly press during New Year is twenty-third years, the Mercury teams with the fire and vigor of youth, as well as with the wisdom and discretion of mature years. Presenting, as it does, the *triumph of the crime of literature*, enriched with the entrancing masterpieces of the greatest romancers in the world—glittering with the brilliant wit and humor of the sharpest pens of the time—abundantly garnished with the rarest gems of native poetry—overlaid with thoughtful treatise and words that burn from the great writers of its immense contributory staff, and honored all over the country for its perfect freedom from anything calculated to wound or rouse the most sensitive moralist or clergy of people—it has been for years the *literary*, the *traveller*, the *merchant*, the *statesman*, the *man of letters*, the *thousand of AMERICAN HOMES*.

The publishers and proprietors of The New York Mercury have made the motto of its columns:

"Here shall young Genius wing his eagle flight,
And the old man shall find his place of light,"
and during the present year (1861) is grand, inimitable army of writers—whose united talents exceed the total of those of any other literary publication in the United States;—and its brilliant constellation of literary specialties will be materially extended. Thus, one of the regular contributors, H. P. DOUGLASS, P. B., who contributes to The Mercury a side-splendid series of *Burlesque Biographies*, *Lectures*, *Sermons*, *Fashion Articles*, *Crises of the Nation*, *Ways, States, and Events*, the general and significant title of "DEVELOPMENTS OF LITERATURE," or, *HARPER'S HINTS TO THE READER*.

In the *Editorial Department* appear the magnificent illustrations of that prince of American artists, F. O. C. DARLEY.

Throughout the present year, this magnificent and famous JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE will contain glorious Romances, Sketches, Stories, Poems, Gleanings of Home, Moral and Domestic Essays, Criticisms, etc., by the most noted American and English writers, who have been engaged at vast expense to write for The Mercury. We may name the following regular contributors' forces:

K. E. PRANDLER DOE—COURTNEY MAY CARLE—STICKS P. B., TON, ARTHUR M. GRANGER, S. R. THOMAS, JOSEPH HARRISON, FELIX O. C. DARLEY, MRS. M. E. ROBINSON, GRACE GARDNER, J. A. PATTER, GEORGE ARNOLD, REV. R. W. WELCH, REV. R. M. DEVERNS, W. M. ROSS WALLACE, HATTIE TYNG, W. H. NEWELL.

Other celebrated writers will contribute—making The Mercury a great focus of all that is Entertaining, Interesting, Whimsy, and Wise.

Our special New Year's gift to our readers will be a brilliant new noisette, entitled

Catholia;

THE NICHE IN THE WALL. A TALE OF LOUISIANA. BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

The opening chapters of which will appear in The Mercury for January 5, 1861.

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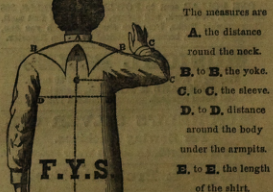


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